A SELECT SECOND HVSBAND FOR SIR THOMAS OVERBVRIES WIFE, NOW A MATCHLESSE WIDOW.

No *Muſe* can make high flight,
Whoſe Luſtre lackes Nó Light.

LONDON,
Printed by *Thomas Creede* and *Bernard Alſopp*,
for *John Marriott*: and are to be ſold at his ſhop
at the white Flower-de-luce, neere
Fetter Lane end in Fleetſtreete.
1616.

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34 Th.

A SELECT SECOND HVS-

BAND FOR SIR THOMAS OVERBVRIES WIFE. AND FOR HER LESSE WIDOW.

No Male can make high Right.
Worse Ladies Noe High.

LONDON.

Printed by Edward Allde and Iohn Wolfe, for Iohn Newman, and are to be sold at his shop at the White Horse in Duck-lane. 1614.



To the Reader.

NO Reſt is in Motion. *The* Circle *of* Opinion *is without* Center: *yet, paſt that* Cõpaſſe, *no* lines *haue* allowance. *One* ſingular Wit (*affecting* ſingularity, *in* matter *and* manner *of* verſe) *lately put foote into that* Circle, *and* there *ſo arreſts the* Worlds *iudgement, that it finds no comming forth; but, lies there* forth-comming *to be* iuſtified, *or* condemned, *as* Reaſon, *in* Time *ſhall find* Euidence. *An* Opinion *without* learning, *cannot be good, ſay the* learned. *Therefore, in this, to ſpend* mine, *were a ſinfull* prodigality; *becauſe it may be* much *to* little *purpoſe. But I will not long detaine thee*, Reader. Fools-bolts *are ſoone* ſhot. *Then take* mine *with thee: it is but* light, *& ſhal*

coſt thee nothing. *In few, if all* Poets, *in their* Poems, *are ſaid to* ſing; *then, they make harſh* muſicke, *who, to pleaſe* Iudgement *with the* Ditty, *offend the* Eare *with the* accent: *and, he that ſings* much *out of* tune, *though he ſing* wel, out of cry, *may haply ſing to pleaſe* himſelfe, *and* few; *but ſhall be ſure to as pleaſe* many. *In* well-doing, *it is well done to follow; but, in* ill, *the* imitation *is worſe than the* example. *To marre the* muſicke *of the* Line *for the reaſon of* Senſe, *is againſt* ſenſe *and* reaſon: *ſeeing* words *may bee found as well to fit the* tune, *as the* ſenſe *in what* line *ſoeuer. But, to affect* harſhneſſe *in* faſhion *with* ſome, *ſhould be an* affectation *out of* faſhion *with* all: *for canſt thou not ſing* ſharp *in* ſenſe *but thou muſt ſing* flat *in* ſound? *Thou maiſt: elſe* (*peraduenture*) *thou canſt* SAY, *but* (*without peraduenture*) *thou canſt not* SING. *Farewell, and ſing in tune, elſe* faſt *for me.*

I. D.

To the right right Noble, for all that is in Nobility, *Art*, or Nature, *William Earle of Pembrooke*, &c.

WIT, and my *Will* (deere Lord) were late at ſtriſe
To whō this *Bridegroome* I for *grace* might ſend.
Whoſe *Bride* was erſt the happieſt *husbands* wife,
That ere was hapleſſe in his *Friend*, and *End*.
Wit, with it ſelfe, and with my *Will*, did warre:
For, *Will* (good-*Will*) deſir'd it might be *YOV*:
But, *Wit* found fault with each *particular*
It ſelfe had made; ſith *YOV* were *It* to view.
Alledging *YOV* had all his *Vertue* got,
And left him *graceleſſe*: ſo, was loth t'appeare
To your cleare *eyes*: wherwith *good-Will* grew hot,
And ſaid her loue, to *YOV*, was all as cleare:
Then, both agreed *YOV ſhould*, for *laſting-life*,
Sith beſt *YOV could*, make this *man* match that (*Wife*.

Your honors *now as euer*
moſt humbly deuoted,

Iohn Dauies.

A SELECT SECOND HVSBAND FOR *SIR THOMAS OVERBVRIES* WIFE, NOW *A WIDOW.*

Man is, of *men* the varied *ſame* and *ſumme*,
As *riuers* runne the ſame, and not the ſame:
In *Vnitie*, the *Odds* do *Odds* ot'ecome;
Differing in *Time*, *Place*, *Perſon*, *Face*, and *Name*:
Yet, all's but *Man*, and *Man* is all: that he
Should all the *World* of *Men*, t'a *Woman* be.

But *Man*, made like, alike did *marre* his making;
So, muſt re-made be, to be like his *Maker*:
Which cannot be without a *ſelfe-forſaking*:
For, *Sinne* of *Grace* can neuer be partaker.
Sin made him like *Gods* moſt vnlike: then, he
To be like him that made him, grac't muſt be.

He must be grac't with *Grace* and *Glory* too;
For, *God* hath both, who made him to his *mode*:
If *Men* haue both, they win still what they woo:
For, nought they woo that is not *passing good*:
„ *Loue* liues in *likenes*; then, it dies when it
„ Meets with *Vnlikenesse*, both in *Will*, and *Wit*.

In *Beauty*, I had rather *Vertue* finde,
Than seeke it in *Deformitie*; for, *Grace*
The *gracefull* guides: and *Nature* makes the *Minde*
The *Body* like: the *Iewell* fits the *Case*.
Beauty's a beame of *Heauns DIVINITY*:
But, *vglinesse* (like *Hell*) but plagues the *Eye*.

Beautie is good; for, *Goodnes* made it so:
Which is *Loues* obiect: yet must good-men be
Haters of *louing women*, if they show
Lesse *grace* than *beautie*, in their *goodnesse*: he
Is no good *husband* that a *wife* will choose
For *face*, but *grace*; and *grace*, but *grace* to vse.

Shape,

Shape, is but *Natures* grace to *Naturals*
As well as *wise-men*: nought then therein lies
Worthy those *Ladies* precious *Pectorals*
That are as *good*, as *great*; and *kinde*, as *wise*:
Yet where both *in*, and *outward Beautie's* rise,
There is an *husband* worth a *Monarchs* wife.

For, such rare *Beauties* ravish both the *sense*
Of *soule* and *Body*; such an heauenly *sparke*
Doth feast the *eye* of the *Intelligence*,
As well as that which sees by *light* more *darke*:
Queans haue more choice then *queens*, that are as kings
Then seldom wiue they such *celestial things*.

Where *Fortune* plaies the *Prodigall*, there can
Be seldome found but what *Loue* still doth hate;
A *Rig* the *wife*, a *Rake-hell* (oft) the *man*,
Although a paire of *Princes* in their *state*:
Abundance clogs the *soule*, and so fire flies
No more than swolne *voluptuousnes* can rise.

Wouldst thou (wise *Virgin*) wiue no *man* thy *foe*?
Then *taste*, before thou *touch* him: store of *salt*
Eaten with him, doth make him relish so
As he both *seemes* and *is*: Nay, tis a *fault*
To trust thy *touch*, or *taste*; vnlesse he be
By *Time*, on *Trials* touch, found right for thee.

Right, take not wrong: for, no right *golden-back*,
Right *shape*, *state*, *birth*, nor *breeding*, I intend:
If all these *Rights*, a right *good-mind* do lacke,
They cānot make right *Husband*, or right *Friend*.
„He's most-most-bad, although an *Angell* still,
„That is so bad but meerely in his *Will*.

Forme, is not *matter*: *shape*, no *substance* is:
And either neither is to be belou'd
Or loth'd, but as its meete, or most *amisse*:
As it with *Vice*, or *Vertue* still is mou'd:
Then, she that weds for *forms* sake, wiues a *shade*
Or nought; or marr'd with nothing that is *made*.

Forme,

Forme, in an *Image*, giues no *Essence* to it:
Or, gaue it *Essence*; if deform'd it were,
It could but moue to *hate*; which might vndo it:
Then, wouldst thou *loue* aright? aright, then, *feare*
Ill-motions; whereto, worst *ill-will* is best,
Sith therewith *naught*, that is not *worse*, can rest.

Beauty's but skin-deepe; nay, it is not so;
It floates but on the *skin* beneath the *skin*,
That (like pure *Aire*) scarse hides her fullest flow;
It is so *subtill*, *vading*, *female*, and *thin*:
Were the *skin-deepe*, she could not be so *shallow*,
To win but *fooles* her *purtie* to hallow.

Say, that a *Pure* were matcht without a *Peere*
For *Beauties* grace; yet, if they should but *sin*,
Their grace were more in *crime*, then *beauty*, clear:
And frailer then her *Taffany*, the *skin*:
Their interchanged *vowes* would then reflect,
Either to each, but *dulnesse* and *neglect*.

Heauen's outward *beauty, Loue,* and *wonder* would
In all procure, were it but seldome seene;
But, but to *Copper, Custome* turnes their *gold*:
So, *graiest* loue of *Grace*, is euer *greene*
In *beautie* seld enioyd, but, with it cloyd,
Both *soule* and *sense* thereby is still anneyd.

If *beautie* then, be not faire *Vertues* Inne,
Nay, not her *Heau'n*, wherein she resteth still,
She's loath'd of *sense*, if she do lodge but sinne:
Though *sin* and *sense* be friends; *Sense* loues no ill
It hath found *all*: for *all* can nere be lou'd;
Sith nought can loue that *good* that *all* is prou'd

A *man*, in *print*, or made in *waxe*, these words
Transferre to our *senses* the highest *worth*
Of *outward shape*; which (*dead*) more *life* affords
Than quickest *flesh*, as *nature* lets it forth:
„ Yet, if a *man* in *print*, be dull, or dead,
„ He's a faire *body*, but a *soule* of *lead*.

Nay,

Nay, though that *Body* could be made to moue,
In *measures*, most immeasurably in *grace*;
Such *measures*, yet, but *sinke-apace* her loue
That is not lewd, if she dance not with *GRACE*:
„ A lofty *Capreoll*, is but high to rise
„ Shaking, like one, nor *great*, nor *good*, nor *wise*.

Yet this *mad-mean* the mean mounts, *now*, & *then*;
In *mark-age* oft the goodnesse of the *backe*
Is all that is beloued in such *men*;
Not well to *backe* them, sith no such they lacke
Whose *bellies* are all *backe*, to vndergo
The *bellies* charges, that the *backe* vndo.

To flatter *Beauty* is to raise it life
(As *fowles* do *foel-fish*) so, to *fall*, and *braft*,
To prey, at pleasure, on it inwardly;
Than, keepe *off* such: for they'l come *on* too fast;
Such *clawers* will be *scratchers* from thy *state*,
And make the *bed* of *loue*, the *lodge* of *hate*.

These, like bemired *Dagges*, with fawning, file,
As *Witte* it selfe, hath ent obserud: then, looke
Shee nere be tempted with such gawdy-guile:
Left, with the *Baite*, she swallow down the Hooke.
The best mans *praises* sound, his hart doth ioy,
Then, what wil's doe a *Woman*? make her toy.

Such *gawds* wil make thee grieue, & *griefe* go rould
In her owne *Circle*: issuing at her mouth,
To enter at her *Eares*: the secret *wound*,
Sharp *Praise* doth giue, though but for real *Truth*.
Proues oft more mortal thā the *wounds* of *death*
That kil but *flesh*. Then, keep her frō such *breath*.

I would shee should be *modest*, but not *sadde*:
Yet *modest sadnes* doth *faire lookes* decore:
As *Shadowes* doe more life to *Pictures* adde;
So, *sober-lookes*, make bright ones *become* the more.
Beauty and *Boldnesse* oft togither goe,
But still as *Foes*, themselues to ouerthrow.

The

The praiſed, will to their owne *Muſicke* dance:
For, nought is more melodious in the *Eare*,
Than our high praiſes that our *hearts* aduance,
And make vs (ioy'd) too wanton them to beare.
"The more *Ambition* in our *Minde* is nurſt,
"The more our praiſe wil ſwell it, til we burſt.

The greateſt good that bad *Wiues* can diſcloſe,
Is *Beauty*: but, in good *Wiues* t'is the leaſt:
Yet *Beauty* is, to *Senſe*, a *Damaske-Roſe*,
That doth for *ſweetneſſe* better *Natures* beſt:
But yet t'is but the *Signe* where *Beauty* lyes
More worth by *grace*; the *minds* good qualities.

Chaſt Eyes giue *Eyes* to *Cupid*: then, thou muſt
(If ſhee be fairely *Modeſt*) haue a care,
And helpe her *Loue* to ſhunne *Adulterers Luſt*,
That by her *grace*, growes more irregular:
For, *Innocencie* is not alwayes free
Frō cauſeleſſe *ſhame*: then, help her eyes to ſee.

Hee

Her *lookes* (if well she looke) may frolike *hope*;
And bind it to the *good-behauiour* too:
Yet, this more fixes *close hearts* (that dare not ope
To giue it vent) which then, by *lookes* do woo.
And though they *mourne* not, yet, the *ouer thought*
Makes *modesty* to blush, as shee were nought.

And blushing so, makes *obstruction* eyes
Mis-looke into the *cause* of that *effect*:
Whence *rumor* runne, while *Slanders* do deuise
Against the *name* of *vertue* in *effect*:
Then, (sith *good-name's* (like *glasse*) as *frail* as *cleere*,
Still care should keepe it crackleſſe in thy *Deere*.

And if the *husband* liue as free from *thought*
As *act* of *falsehood* in the *marriage-bed*, (*ought*:
Much more the *wife* should, sith much more shee
For, she may staine his *blood*, and paine his *Head*.
As lieue had I she should b'in *deede* vntrue,
As wrong my *right in thought*, if it I knew.

Ioynes

Ioynes she with me, for issue; and disioynes
Her selfe from me therein, in her best part?
Then, for my sparre, she loues me but her ioynes,
While she to one, lesse worthy, giues her heart?
What patience can endure my base foes base
Should with my land run quite beyond my race.

Then, if her heart be gone, farewell my wife:
Nay, farewell I, perhaps she'l me vndo:
Or cast about, to cast away my life
Backward, and forward, till I cast it too?
Then, if a perteleste Pere the husband grow,
The wife will watch, lest she, to mate him so.

The shuttle is a matchlesse Alchymist
He can transmute the richest metall-mixt,
To Lead, in her conceit, that is so blist;
And, make her, so, her owne good fortune hant:
But, happy she be all, that but assist herein,
To make the swaine with grace, to sweat with sin.

O!

To burst with *Sinne!* O, that that *damned office*
Had neuer *Diuell*, to occasion it!
Then, *Loue* might haue what it should best affect
Without the *Sin* of such a *Vnlawfull fire*.
"But when the *heau'ns*, to wrack vs, are decreed,
"They blind our *iudgements*: so, we fall with speed.

O *Damn'd Desire*, what would'st? or what is it
That should to *Change* so much thy *soule* dispose?
No *Blisse* nor *Beauty* 'tis; conceyu'd by *Wit*:
For, *Wit* the truth of *Natures* secrets knowes,
Though *Beauty* then seeme *Sol*, at least as rich,
It will be found but *Lune*, on *Tryalls* touch.

O! whither wilt, prowd *Flesh*? To fall in *flutes*?
Think'st, there secure in spight of *Spight* to stand?
No: soon thou wilt be known throgh *publike hate*
To *Enemies* way: to *Vermins* Netherland,
Whre thou be myr'd with Clay, stil scor'nd shalt
A *Slaue* to *Spades* and *Spights* iust tyrannie.

Good

Good-wit ſtill wins *Good-will*; & makes them glad
That haue *good wit*, yet haue not all *good will*:
But yet *good wit*, without *good will*, is bad,
Being *Armed-vice*, that wounds, vnwounded ſtill:
„That *head* is head-ſtrong, that is full of *Braines*;
„And, runnes awry if *Grace* hold not the *Raines*.

Learning and *Wiſedome* are but ſeldome-when
Ioynd in one *Sconſe*; ſith diuers is their powre.
„The greateſt *Clarks* are not the wiſeſt *men*;
And *wiſe-men* oft (like fools) for nought do lowre.
Then, as a *Wife* too witty, is too vaine;
So, is a *husband*, bad, with too much *Braine*.

The ſearch of *Wiſedom*, ſith ſo cloſe it lyes
Obſcur'd from *ſight*, is full of *paines* that kill:
Then, ſith *Ire* burnes (like *Fire*) in *Agonies*,
A good wiſe-man, makes no good *Husband* ſtill:
For, hee is wayward, and his *Wife* muſt woo
For *kindeneſſe*; yet not bee too forward too,

Sacred

Sacred *Religion* best they *loue* and *know*
That runne no *Race* beyond her *ghostly Geale*
Such make good *husbands*, paying what they owe
To their kinde other Halfe; not when the whole
Is willing, but the Halfe; though, but for *Lust*,
If *shee would* what he *could*, then needs he must.

A *Man* with *Woman* neuer can be said
To sinne, when sinne, by some iust circumstance
Is tane away, or iustly so allay'd,
That *Grace* it selfe the same doth countenance:
"No *deed's* vniust, how ere vniust it bee,
"If it be so, but in so iust degree.

But *Wit* and *Knowledge* so the *mind* inflate
As make it most imperious: then, the *Wife*
That's matcht to him that is so stiffe in *state*,
Must liue a supple *Slaue*, else die in *strife*:
Bookes better can the *mind*, but what they can
They do not, if they meete with such a *man*.

Then

Then let him be diuinely wise (like *GOD*)
Glad without *Ioy*, and *Sad*, without Offence;
That's all alike, to beare the *Staffe* and *Rod*;
With *Temperance*, so, to *feast his soule* and *sence*:
Kinde, and not *Wanton*; sober, yet not sowre,
Still hauing all his *Passions* in his powre.

Flowe *Numbers* on deepe *streames* of *Helicon*,
Which in a world of *Arte*, are scarce found rise,
Till you haue made one Husband *Paragon*,
To fitte one rare, but *Ouer-buried Wife*:
Hold *Colours* to the life, while I, by *Art*,
Lyne out a *Husband* fitte to lyne her *Hart*.

Platonicall Ideas, stand aloofe,
And let my purest *Pen* delineate
No *Husband* meere suppos'd; but, one of proofe:
Without a *checke*, to giue a Queene the *mate*:
Which may be found in earnest, yet *Art* can
Scarce with *Arts* colours, paint so rare a *Man*.

Hee

Hee is a *Lambe*, whose All is all so deare
That nought of him is vseleſſe, loue to get:
Hee is a *Lyon*, making *Beaſts* to feare
His vertues: so, is milde, sterne, small, and great:
Hee is, What not, if good? and yet to God
Hee is not eu'n: yet with him neuer odde.

His *Byrth* and *Breeding*, (like his *Body*) right;
His *Minde*, with witty *Flaſhes* (fir'd aboue)
Doth *lighten* oft, to giue his wife some *light*
To mend her miſſe; and all in *mirth* and *loue*:
For, sowre Reproofs, and Ieſts, how euer sweet,
That come *too-ſharply*, would whē they do greet.

For shee (if truely Noble) rather had
In priuate dye, then publikely be checkt:
For, publike shame makes *Reaſon*, in *Greatnes*, mad:
And *GRACES* face it selfe will (so) be flecke
With *Vertues* Rosie-*rayes*. Then, closely moue
To check thy *mate* in *Game*, to win her loue.

God

God left his *Sonne*, and he his *Sire* forewent
But for his *wife*, the *Church*: then, for his *wife*
Man should himselfe forsake, ere himselfe rent
From her that is his (*honor*) *life of life*:
But, bitter taunts and checks, in publike, be
A rending her, thy *honors* life, from thee.

God chargeth *man* to loue (his *bone*) his *wife*,
As his owne *flesh*; nay, as himselfe: that is,
Both *soule*, and *body*: then, decline such *strife*
As may incline thy *whole* to do amisse.
Who *hates* his *wife*, his owne *shame* loues: for she
His *honor* is; or (honoured) would be.

Are *wiues* made *helpes*, and *comforts* too, by *God*?
Then, should they such be made by *husbands* too?
Be *man* and *wife* made *euen*; yet, be *odd*?
O! *shame* for *one*; that so, of *One* makes *Two*;
Yet cannot make *Two*, *euen*! Shall a *Third*
Be brought to make *Two*, *euen*? That were hard.

Then, at her errors winke with open sight,
As sacred *Loue* requires thee: thou must be
The *Atlas* of her *frailties*; thou must right
What is amisse, in *loue*, that faults doth see
To hide them; yet, to mend them: so shalt thou
But beare thine own *Harts-ease*, & neuer *Rue*.

Of *outward cares* thou must the *Camell* be,
And beare them soundly for your *Commonwealth*
Ore higheſt *Lets*; as *Cares-domeſticke*, she
Must beare, though *sickely*, for thy ease and health:
Thou canst not presse her more to make her fall,
Than still to make her beare the weight of all.

Marriage contracted is (ere it be knit)
„For *strength*, (sith *two* are stronger farre than *one*)
Yet must the *man*, with manly *strength* and *wit*,
Beare all the heauieſt *loads* himselfe alone:
„The *weaker* by the *stronger* must be easd;
„As by the *weake*, the *stronger* must be pleasd.

And

And, ſo *Heau'ns* queene, y'er *knit, contracted* was;
To ſhew (though *heauen* holp) ſhe help muſt haue
But of a feeble *husband*, and an *Aſſe*,
The *Lord* of *ſtrength*, made *feeble*, ſo to ſaue:
Then, muſt the *husband* of the happy *wife*
Be *ſtrong*, to *beare* her *Bale*; and *guard* her *life*.

For, what an abiect *weakeneſſe* is't to ſee
Her wrong'd by *brutiſh force*, defam'd by *ſpight*,
Yet haue no *ſtrength* or *heart*, in no degree
Of *age*, or *ſtate*, her ſo great *wrong* to right:
There is no *Woman*, though moſt full of *feare*,
But hates (as *hell*) a *cowheard* to her *pheare*.

Feare, is to *cowardize* more painfull farre
Then *death* to the *courragious*: a *faint-heart*
Is hartleſſe but to heare a *Trumpeter*:
Nor is his *feare* by *Nature* cur'd, or *Art*.
Then is a *wo-mans honour* poore in plight,
That's guarded by a *man* ſo poore in *ſprite*.

Mariage, that is moſt noble, ſhould haue nought
But what is *noble* in it; *noble-moods*
To ſcorne that *frailty*, and deſpiſe that *thought*
That is not *truly noble*: *mariage-goods*
Are *Ills*, if good they be not made by *theſe*,
Elſe to haue *much*, is *much*, but to diſpleaſe.

It is of *knots* the ſur'ſt: for, *two* in *one*
So faſt it knits, that *death* can ſcarſe *diuide*:
Nay, many *kindreds* it doth ſo attone,
That, to *Poſteritie*, they *one* abide.
The *husband*, then, for this *ſtrong vnitie*,
Should ſtrongly *prop* this *long Poſteritie*.
*(*Sm: Serm:* 1.)
*For *Time*, it's noble; ſith at firſt the God
Of th'*Vniuerſe*, did inſtiture it, when
Man lackt an helper (ſith he was but odd)
To fill the *world* with *worlds* of other *men*.
He, was an *husband* call'd yer he had *wife*:
So, next to God, an *husband*'s Lord of *life*.

In

In *Paradiſe* it was ordain'd; and ſo,
For *place* it's noble: and, if *innocence*
May make that *noble*, which from thence doth *flow*
Nobilitie therein hath reſidence:
„ The *Lord* of *loue*, who *hatred* moſt doth hate,
„ Is *mercie* to thoſe that loue in *maried* ſtate.

Then, *Time*, *Place*, *Perſon*, that did it *effect*,
Being ſo *noble*, *noble* it muſt be
Aboue all *Friendſhips*, which we ſhould affect;
Sith it is ſo tranſcendent in *degree*:
Woman, was made for *man*; and (for his *aide*)
Made of that *holpe*: that *holpe*, then, muſt be ſtaid.

With *Miracles* 'twas honor'd; but none ſuch
Are done but for *Gods glory*, and *Mens loue*
To make a *Man* a *God*; leaſt *God* might grutch
That Man (his *Image*) ſhould not be aboue
The *Angells*: ſo, leſt they his *Grace* ſhould dym,
He made himſelfe a *Man*, to *grace* but *him*.

Then, to his *Prototype*, if *man* will bee
Like, he muſt like but what that *Type* doth pleaſe
Who loues the *married Paire* that well agree:
But ſith men to their *wiues* are *winds* and *ſeas*,
Who *moue* as men do *muue*, it them behoues
With *breath* and *motion ſweete*, to win their *loues*.

For, of their *Arch-type* they this *lore* do learne;
The *Church*, his floting *Spouſe*, he moueth ſo:
His bleſſed *wind* blowes euer in her *ſterne*,
And makes his *mercies* ſeas to *ebbe* and *flow*
As beſt behoues *her*, till ſhe hath attain'd
The *hauen*, for which ſhe was both *pleaſ'd* & *paind*

The *ribbe* of *man*, whereof his *wife* was made
Was *crooked*: ſo, though *wiues* be ſuch by *kinde*;
Yet *man*, of *God*, in *wiſedome*, learn'd, the *trade*
To bow them *ſtreight*: then, *gently* them to binde
With *cords* of *loue* from ſtarting backe againe,
Till, without *ſtubburneſſe*, they *ſtreight* remaine.

Of

Of *Earth*, his *Maker* made *man*: but of *bone*
God made his *wife*: then, *wiues* ſtill harder are
Than *men*, for bent: yet, *husbands* muſt turne *ſtone*,
When, throgh their *ſoftnes*, they their *wiues* do mar
„ *Men* may be *hard*, and good: but harldy can
„ A *huſband* ſoft, e're make a *good wife-man*.

While *Eue* was made, her *Make* did ſoundly ſleep
But, oft, while *husbāds* ſleep, their *wiues* are mard
The *houſe-wife*, then, the *houſe* doth hardly keepe:
When, in *ſoft-ſleepe*, ſhe ſees he ſleepeth hard:
Then *wakefull* be, to keep thy *wife* from *ſin*,
And *running* out, that marres thy *commings* in.

She made was of the *Rib*, not of the *Head*:
Then, keepe thy *headſhip*, for thine *honors* ſake:
And for her *grace*, and *good*: and, keepe thy *bed*
(But ſleep not much) frō that wō keeps thee wake
For, if they touch thy *Brow*, t'will ſwell vnſeene,
Which ranking *inward*, *outward* ſhews thy *teene*.

The fertile-*seed-plot* of the *world* should be
Free from *pollution*; *mariage* should be cleane:
Pure *seed*, well sowne, from *cockle* should be free;
That so the *crop*, or *fruite*, might be a *meane*
Whereby the *tribe*, maintain'd, might still endure
In *name* as *right*, as in *fame firme*, and *pure*.

And so to keepe it, it behooues thee much
To make thy *wife* no *wanton*; for, thou maist
Make her thy *whore*, with many a *wanton-touch*:
Be prudent then, when e're thou with her plai'st:
And, set straite *limits* to thy *lust*; for, she
Will proue a *libertine*, if so thou be.

It's thy fault; though thy *right* she wrong therein:
Art thou her *stay*, yet mak'st her fall the more?
Yea, fall into adulterous *three-fold sinne*?
For, so she is thy *widow*, *wife*, and *whore*.
Then, let no lawlesse lust the bed pollute,
That may make sacred mariage dissolute.

Wouldst

Would'ſt haue the *body* chaſt, and not the *head*?
That cannot be: but, ſhe the *body* is,
Whoſe *head* thou art: by thee ſhe's bred or led
To *good* or *ill*: then, do not thou amiſſe.
„As good the *head* were *empty*, as not *full*
„Of *braines* to gouerne all beneath the *ſcull*.

The *duties* of the *bed* may, but may not
Be well, perform'd without ſome ſecret *ſtaine*:
For, each leaſt *wandring thought* incurres a *blot*:
From which, what *loue* could euer *thoght* reſtrain?
So, we are all too ſinfull, ere we ſinne,
Sith we by *this* are all conceiu'd therein.

Can the *deſire* but thinke vpon the *deede*
As 'tis an *Act* of *Generation*,
And neuer let the *thought*, on *fancies* breede
(Through *heate* of *luſt*) ſome loth'd *corruption*?
Luſt mixt with *loue*, begets the *race* of *men*:
Then, who knows *luſts* iuſt *ſize*; or keeps it then?
Say,

Say, it's but ſo *much* as but warmes *Deſier*
To get our *like*; yet who doth *mete* ſo *much*,
But in the *meaſure* may be found, a *lyer*,
Sith *Inſtice* ſcales are turn'd but with a *touch*:
Whoſe *eye* ſtill waits, ſo, on their *turning right*
That each leaſt *tricke* of *luſt* is found too light.

Then, let thy *luſt* thy pure *loue* neuer let:
For, *loue* luſts not: or, if it do, it is
But *complement all*, or our *likes* to get,
While *loue* is kept *a-foote* the more for this:
Yet *loue* may be ſo *pure* and ſo *intire*,
That it will hate leaſt *heate* of *ſoraigne-fire*.

O! to a *ſoule* that's *ſimply pure*, it is
Irkeſome to do *pure marriage dueſt rights*:
Whoſe *ſpirit* ſuſpects fraile *fleſh* doth ſtill amiſſe
In all her *workes*: ſo, with it, ſtill ſhe fights:
But *women*, weak'ſt of fleſh, are yet ſo ſtrong,
As if thou wrong'ſt thy ſelf, thy *right* the'l wrong

From

From *ſenſe* of *ill* then keepe her: for, ſhe's *wax*
To take *impreſſions* apt, and hold them too:
She'l lacke no *time* nor place, nor *wit* ſhe lacks
To do what her *will*, marr'd by thee, would do:
No maruell then, though *Fame* the *bugle* winds
Thou ſeek'ſt thy ſelf: and follow what ſhe finds

Teach not thy *wife* to ſpeake *facundiouſly*;
Much leſſe affectedly: but ſtill to ſpeake
Her natiue *dialect* with puritie
(Yet *ſhort* as *ſeld*) when e're ſhe *ſilence* breakes:
To make thy *wife* a *Parrat*, ſhe'l giue thee
A *Daw* (perhaps) or *Cuckow* for thy *fee*.

Do thou thy ſelfe what thou wouldſt haue her do
(*Examples* more than *Preceptes* leade the *way*)
And, of her ſex, rehearſe *Examples* too
Mellow and *moderne*: theſe will runne away
With her *Affections*; ſo to emulate
Their *Vertues* that all *worlds* ſo celebrate.

To

To keepe *Loue greene*, forbeare the *Cuſtome gray*
Of lying *wholſie*, with thy *Halfe* each *Night*:
Yet not ſans-*leaue*, leaſt the *Halfe* fall away
But, with conſent, it breedes the more delight
In *Loues delight*: for, that doth but annoy
Which loathd *Societie* doth ſtill enioy.

If ſhee be *faire*, i'ts *fowle* to bring her to
Mad-merry-meetings, *Reuells*, or to *Court*:
Kinde-Natures, as their *lake*, there needs muſt do;
So there thy *Browes* may batter'd bee in ſport:
"Thats hardly kept that many *doe* deſire.
Then, not *t'enflame her*, keepe her out of *Fire*.
(*Sr Tho: Ouerb:*)
If her *Behauiour* be a ſurer *Barre*,
Then is her *No*; then, tempt not *That* too much:
Shee is a *Woman*; ſo, too weake to warre
With *Compleat men*, that take but with a *Touch*:
"Many that haue reſiſted *long*, with *ſtrength*,
"Yet ſtriuing ſtill, grow *weake*, & fall at *length*.

The

The *force* of *Womens loue* in *vertuous course*,
Is *Lyon-like*, not firſt to be withſtood:
But ſooner tam'de by *following* than by *force*:
For *Bloods* made hotteſt oft, in coldeſt *blood*,
Like Wells in *Winter*; ſo, the Leacher can
Be firſt a good, and then a *Beaſtly Man*.

Is ſhee but *young*? Then t'is but *young*, to bring
Thine *Olde-acquaintance* to her. Is ſhee *olde*?
Olde-Doings yet may riſe from *Communing*:
Then olde and young from ſuch *Occaſions* holde:
Yet not ſo *ſtraite* her, as ſhee may eſpie,
Through pure *Reſtriction*, thy groſſe *Iealauſie*.

There's none *extreamly* good, or *paſſing* badde
Vpon the *ſudden*; but by *ſlowe* degrees.
No ſober *ſoule* is at an *Inſtant* madde,
But *falls* too't peece-meale in her *Faculties*:
Firſt *Fantaſie*, and then *Intelligence*:
Then *Iudgement*, with each other *Inward-ſenſe*.

So

So muſt thou looke thy *Wife* vntyr'd may runne
In *Vertues* progreſſe, right, from *grace* to *grace:*
Sith running backe, ſhe may be ouerrunne
By *Vice:* and ſo be ruin'd in the *Race.*
Cuſtome, is *Natures* ſecond-ſelfe: and ſo,
By *Cuſtome* ſhee'l *runne* right, and vpright *goe.*

The higher *Pow'rs* doe ſecond *Cauſes* make,
As *Acceſſaries* to their iuſt *Decrees:*
And that vnwittingly; then, make thy *Make*
Vnwares to doe what with thee beſt agrees,
Who art the *ſecond Cauſe*, of what ſhee is;
Then, thou haſt *chiefeſt Cauſe* to looke to this.

"*Its good to keepe a Hatch before the Dore;*
And yet that *Hatch*, to hatch no euill will
In *Wife* nor *Friend*; nor yet in *rich*, nor *poore*;
But, to doe *good*, let it but keepe out *Ill.*
An *Husband* ſhould be carefull of his *Wife*;
Then, can not be too carefull of her life.

Its

Its no *miſtruſt* of thy *Wiues* truth, to keepe
Thy *Cheſt* faſt lockt, wherein thy *Treaſure* lyes;
But, for ſhee may be either *Shrew*, or *Sheepe*,
Thou letſt her keep it, while thou keepſt the *keyes*.
And ſo both keepe it ſafe, and both *enioy*
That which *falſe-Friends* by ſtealth would but deſtroy.
(*Syr Tho: Ouerb: wife.*)

Care's no Diſtruſt, the wittieſt * *Wife* hath ſaid,
That ere was made for wiſeſt *Husbands* vſe:
Care of her *Honor*, is her *Honors* ayde:
Neglect may bee her *Honors* deaths excuſe:
Loue's Lord himſelfe is iealous of his *Honor*,
And loues thoſe that with *care* do wayt vpon her.

Nay, hee is iealous likewiſe of our Loue;
Yet hee is God of *Order*, *loue*, and *right*:
Then, what hee doth in *Wiſedome*, we may proue
In *Prudence*, without *Iealouſie*, or *ſpight*.
If thou do loue thy *Wife*, thou lou'ſt her *Fame*
More than her *life*, ſith longer liues the *ſame*.

Yet

Yet looke vpon her *Frailtyes* with more *Loue*
Then *Iudgement*, ſo to hyde them; for, thou muſt
(So ſhee be true to thee) as often proue
As ſhee deſires the *Sport*, though but of *Luſt*:
All haue not *Continence*, their *Fame* to crowne:
Then muſt ſhee be conteyned with her owne.

And though it bee a *torment* to a *Man*,
(Cold in this kinde) to force Fire out of *Ice*:
Yet if *ſhee would*, *hee ſhould*, though ill hee *can*;
Sith *ſinne* it is not then to pleaſure *Vice*.
Grace makes *ſinne Grace*, in this *neceſſitie*;
Sith *Grace*, this wrong to *Grace* doth rectifie.

Then, loue her not the worſe for *this*, ſith that
It is (perhaps) *Complexions* ſinne: *and* ſo
Some other may be thine *as deprauate*.
She matcht to know no more thē ſhe might *know*.
Then, if what well ſhe may, ſhe vſe at *neede*,
Loue her for that the more, ſith don with *heede*.

Man

Man, *Wife*, and *Children* are Correlatiues.
Then muſt the *Man*, his *Wife* and *Children* vſe
As *Veſſells* (not as *Vaſſalls*, chiefly *Wiues*)
Of *Honour*, which hee ſhould no way abuſe.
Gods, and thy *grace*, muſt make thy *Childrē* good;
And not the *grace*, nor *glory* of thy *Blood*.

A *Bloody grace*, is but *a Beaſtly glory*.
For, all the *grace* of *Blood* from *Blood* proceedes:
The braueſt *Victor* hath the brighteſt *Story*,
Made of his *Acts*; That is, his *Bloody-deedes*.
Then, from thy *Spirit*, into thy *ſonne* infuſe
More then thy *Fleſh* in him conld ere effuſe.

Children are *Bleſſings*, if they bleſſed bee;
Or elſe, with *Cham*, accurſt. One going wrong
More grieues than ten right running: O! ay mee!
This is the *Burden* of my beauyeſt *Song*:
Nature's more apt to grieue, then *ioy* in all;
Sith ſold ro *Sorrow*, by the *Firſt Mans* fall.

It is an vnknowne Good then, to haue none;
If none be had without such cause to mourne,
What need we for but Heires to make such mone,
Sith when we part, we neuer more returne?
Haue we no *Kinne*, nor *Poore*? if either, then
We, haue *Heyres*: for, all are our deer *Brethren*.

O! but our *House*, & *Name*, (two nameles *Things*,
For deereneſſe) then (ſay wee) muſt bee extinct;
"But *ſith Kings come of Slaues*, and *ſlaues of Kings*,
As good its Common, as to be diſtinct
In *Reaſon*: and in *Nature*, all is one;
If oddes there bee, it is in *grace* alone.

What haue wee heere to doe, when we are hence
As farre as *Heau'n* or *Hell*, and euer there?
Can the *Sonnes* weale, the *Syres* woes recompence
That's dampn'd? or's *future hopes*, his *preſent* feare?
Or, can *heau'nes bliſſe*, b'increaſd by the *ſones* mirth
In *Earth*? If neither, leaue thy *House* to *Earth*.

The

The *World* and *Wee* do at one *Inſtant* end:
And, eythers *Relickes*, ſenſeleſs are to each.
Then, from my *Sonne*, ſith I can-not aſcend,
It skills not though my *Houſe* receiue a *Breache*
To lette in others: I my *Center* keepe
Whē well I *wake in GOD*, and in *Earth* ſleepe.

Children, and *Comforts*, are *Correlatiues*;
The firſt being good: or, if but diſſolute,
How ere wee may be bleſſed in our *Wiues*,
Yet are wee moſt accurſed in their *Fruite*:
And nought there is, that can this *Curſe* preuent,
But *GOD*, by *grace*; and *thou*, by *Gouernment*.

Our *Husband* then muſt know the *Rules* of *RVLE*:
And when to vſe them too; and vſe them then:
Elſe, if an *Aſſe* be taught but by a *Mule*,
Hee'l ſtil be brutiſh. *Olde* muſt teach *Young* men;
As *wiſe*, the *fond*; And ſo, our *Petty-god*,
In his Homes-*beau'n*, muſt vſe the *ſtaffe*, & *rod*.

With which these *three* must be or *cheerd* or *chockt*:
Wife, *Children*, *Servants*, in their kindes: but, so
As thou maist both thy *good*, and theyrs effect.
The *Lambe* and *Lyon* must vnited go
To this great *Worke*; & with them, still the *Fox*,
To work on *These*, with *Kindnes*, *craft*, & *knocks*.

But, must thy selfe bee subiect to thy *Rodde*?
Thy *Wife's* thy *Selfe*; or halfe thy selfe, at least.
Why? must not *Man* (made like) be like *his God*
In *Iustice*? Did not *God*, when *Man* trangrest,
Correct him Selfe as *Man*, for *Man*? Then must
A *Man* correct his *Wife*, when it is iust.

Christ, and *his Church* are *Two*; yet make but *One*:
As *Man* and *Wife* doe: yet, though shee do erre,
He dide t'appease his *Ire* for That, alone;
And yet, for That, hee oft chastiseth her:
So double beats himselfe for *Single-sinne*;
Himselfe the *Shell* of his *Sweete-selfe* within.

So

So, teach thy *wife*, by ruling, to obay;
And, by obedience, rule with greater might:
Thou rul'ſt aright, when ſhe no worſe doth ſway,
As *Kings* do when their *iudges* iudge aright:
Good *Iudges* make ill *Kings* rule graciouſly;
But, thou muſt make hers, thy *rule* glorifie.

Yet *Blowes* are brutiſh, if thy *Wife* they touch,
Vnleſſe ſhe man-kind turne, in *furious moode*:
Then, maiſt thou giue her more, at leaſt as much
As ſhe beſtowes; and all but for her *good*:
„The paine of *One* that pleaſure brings to *Two*
„Made *One*, makes loue more *free* & *faſter* too.

A *man-kind-woman*, is a *monſtrous* man:
That's, a *ſoe-man*, or loth'd *Hermophrodite*,
Taking the name, of what moſt in her can
Do in each ſex: then, if ſhe loue to ſmite,
She is a monſtrous *wo-man*, of *man*-made,
But *man* to marre; or, making, to inuade.

Looke how th' *Angell* staid great *Abrahams* stroke
At point to *fall*: so should the sacred *Name*
Of *Wife*, alone, the falling *Blow* reuoke
Yer fall; t'her *sorrow*, and the *Strikers* shame:
The *God* of *Peace* dwels not in *Tents* of *warre*;
Much lesse with *man* and *wife* that so do iarre.

Contention is resembled to a *fire*; (behind,
And *fire* leaues nought, but worse then *nought*
That's, *Dust* or *smoake*; and so, such *hate* and *ire*
Wasts all, saue (worst of all) foule *Rumors* wind:
Which doth pursue their *ashes*, till they ly
In *Lethe*, or in rotten memory.

The *voyce* of *Nature* (which nere sounds amisse)
Still cries, that *Peace*, is *Heauen*; and *warre*, is *Hell*:
Is thy *wife* good? then great thy Fortune is.
If ill; she is thy crosse, yet beare it well:
And howso ere, let nought thy mind offend,
But what thou canst, & yet thou wilt not, mend.

The

The *parcels* of thy *selfe* (thy *children*) *strike*
When they *misdo*; yet, not so oft as then:
Some-times to *winke* at what we do mislike,
Is well to *see* to do like *prudent men*:
That is, when *sweetnes*, more then *sharpnes*, will
Their proper *good*, keepe from improper *ill*.

And such an *hand* still beare thou on the *raines*,
As bridle may, with *ease*, their *Coltish will*;
With *ease* to either; for, to neither, *paines*
Are pleasing: so that *kindnesse* do not kill.
As fond Apes do their yong: Thy children, so,
Thy will, with *ease*, shall still both do & know.

Yet, to their *carriage*, euer haue an *Eye*;
And *check* when least they *trip*, lest much they fall:
Nay, beare not with them euen the lightest *lie*;
The *burden*'s more than may be borne with-alls
So, with strict vse of *going-well*, they will,
With *pleasure*, beare thē selues most vpright still;

Thy *Seruants* (*Portions* of thy *goods*) if ill,
Mend with ſound *ſtrokes*; but yet remember'd be
Thou haſt a *Maſter* too, and thwartſt his *will*;
Then, ſtrike, for *that*, as he, for *this*, ſhould thee:
Do as thou wouldſt be done to, is his *Heaſt*.
Than, do no more; but, ſo to do, is beſt.

Thoſe of her *Sex*, ſet vnder her command,
Leaue to her *chaſtiſements* when they miſ-do:
The *Seruant-maide* waits on her Miſtreſſe hand;
Then, by that *hand* ſhe ſhould be puniſh't too:
It's far more lowe, then *mens* worth ſhould aſpire,
To hurt a *maide* in *ſport*; much more in *ire*.

Hirelings, that are not yet as *meniall*,
More freely vſe then thy *bond-ſeruants* ſtill;
Yet not, as to one good, giue grace to *all*:
But, let thy *front* diſtinguiſh *good*, from *ill*:
From whoſe *ſquint-eyes*, hide wel thy il-vſd *pow'r*.
For, it they'l vent with *breath* as *ſoft* as *ſow'r*.

Prouision (ſoule of *hoſpitalitie*)
To *Inne* it well, muſt be the *husbands* care.
Magnificence liues by *Frugalitie*;
Be ſparing, then, to *ſpend*; and, ſpending, *ſpare*.
Beare, and *Forbeare*: forbeare leaſt vaine expence
Of wealth, to beare vp thy *Magnificence*.

Labour, to *Be*: but, idle be, to *Seeme*:
(Sith but to *ſeeme* is idle) ſo, ſhalt thou
Be held more *deere*, the leſſe thou doſt eſteeme
Of thine owne *worth*. To *riſe*, then, is to *bow*:
But, in thy houſe thou muſt retaine that *ſtate*,
That there is fitteſt to predominate.

Thou muſt b'a *King*, a *Prophet*, and a *Prieſt*,
To *gouerne*, *teach* and *pray*: ſo *Maſters* ought.
To be leſſe *good* than *wiſe*, doth *ill* reſiſt:
To be more *good* than *wiſe*, is euill thought
For *gouernment*: for, ſuch will fall at length
By the *ſtrong pow'r* of their owne *weaknes ſtrength*.

When

When thou *dost* feast, (so that the *poore* fast not)
Feast thou as oft, as wellthy *state* may beare,
Haue *Guests* that haue no pleasure in the *pot*,
But, sadly gamesome: witty, as auntere:
So, shalt thou bind to thee (in *loue*, at least)
Men worth thy *mate*, in *earnest*, and in *iest*.

Life, and *Societie* do so accord,
As, if they be diuided, die they will:
And, *frolicke Fate* doth (lightly) load that *Bord*
That feeds the *honest* and the *hungry*, still:
Yet, boord no *Buffons*, that are boorders broad;
Their *Enne* is light, and yet, a heauy *loade*.

They are but *Baskets* of the *Diuels* almes,
Which keepe his *scraps* of *wit* for *wicked wills*:
These wound with *will*, & then giue witty *balmes*;
With laughter feed, than, bring in saddest *Bulls*.
Meere *mouths* of *great-men*, good-mens *eye-sores*: O!
I would, nor *good*, nor *great men*, such did know,

Then

Then, such to shun, and with them, other *Pests*,
Pray euer to be taught in *Wisedomes* schooles;
And craue the *Master* of thy *soules* requests
To blesse thee from the *sacrifice* of *fooles*:
Be thou not *Bell*, whose guilefull *Priests* did eat
(While, senselesse, he lookt on) his *meate* & *meat*

Let *Mornes*, and *Eu'nings* neuer passe their *prime*:
But, with the *little Church*, or *petty state*
In thy home's *signiory* pray out that *Time*;
To be preseru'd from *Sense* so reprobate.
Then, *Wisedome*, *Feare*, and *Loue* t deuotion shall
Be as *Triumvirate*, to rule thine *All*.

And, when thy life, thus spent, draws neer her *date*
Let *Prudence*, and *Compassion* penne thy *Will*;
For, they'l make *Loue* and *Right* so part thy *state*,
As *All* shall like; and, for it, loue thee still:
So, *Thine*, and th' other *Thine* (the *poore*) shalbe
Still ioy'd, in *griefe*; and, griev'd, in *Ioy*, for thee.

Now

Now sleeps this *husband*, in his lateſt *home*,
While *heau'nly glory* watcheth when he wakes,
To take him to her *temple*, from his *tombe*;
Sith *Fame*, her ſelfe, of *him*, an *Idoll* makes:
But, *Heau'nly glory*, enuy'ng his *Fames* praiſe,
Swallowes *Fames beams* into her brighter *raies*.

Which will but more diſcouer (by their *light*)
The beſt of *husbands* ſtaines, that fearce appeare:
By which their own clear *raies* becom moſt *bright*
Yet all too browne for *her* that is more *cleare*.
Then, ſhine fair *Pair*, til ſom more heau'nly *ſprites*
Do make your glory like the *light* of *lights*.

And let her *Fame* flie euer in the *Aire*
Of the ſweet'ſt *Muſes* breath, that ere ſhal breath
The *Aire* of *Art* and *Nature*: till *Deſpaire*
Damne *Enuy*, looking ſtil but for her *death*:
But *ſelfe-life* cannot die. Then this deare *Wife*
Shall liue till *death* be endleſſe-*Glories* life.

Finis.

DIVERS ELEGIES TOVCHING THE DEATH OF THE NEVER TOO MVCH PRAISED AND PITIED, SIR THOMAS OVERBVRY.

TO Insult vpon the *wretched*, is a *Crime* (*Rime.*
That *harsh* and *hatefull* makes the smoothest
If *One* all *Ills*, in one should perpetrate,
His *Person* should be priuiledg'd from *hate*
In *lone*, that makes men *God-like*: for, if *God*
Be grieu'd, where he hath cause to vse his *Rod*,
The *griefe* is for the *Person*, not the *paine*,
Which *partly* he, in loue, doth (so) sustaine.
He made not *Death*: nor, doth he take delight
To damne, for doing *wrong*; but, for his *right*:
Nor, for his *right* grieues *soules* to ruinate
But dy'd, in *lone*, to saue them from his *hate*.
The *Iudge* that would be lik'st *him*, when *he* giues
His *Doome* on the *Delinquent* most that grieues,

Powders

Powders his *words* in *Eye-brine*, ſo to taſt
Of *grace*, to them, that (ſo condemn'd) are grac't.
Then, let no *fault*, how-euer *capitall*,
The *faultie Perſon* make ſo loth'd of all,
That he, for it, ſhould ſo be 'reft of heart,
As, in deſpaire, to wracke his *better part*.
Though *one* ſhould ruine *all* the *world*, yet he
(If we could helpe it) ſhould not damned be:
For, for but *temporall* faults, *eternall* Torters
We cannot wiſh t'our *killers*, and be *Martyrs*.
But, yet, (O yet!) To let the good-man die
For *goodneſſe* ſhewne, without our lowdeſt cry
For *Iuſtice*, for ſo damn'd, ſo diuiliſh *Crime*,
Were iuſt *damnation* to the *Place* and *Time*
Wherein we liue; and *Prieſts* might ſermon thus;
„ *T'were better to be ill, than good, with vs.*
Enough, for that: but, ne're enough of *Him*
That ſo was wrackt: Then, flow my *Teares*, & *ſwim*
Sad *Muſe* therein, till thou attaine the *Part*
Of his *Arts-fame*, beneath his *Good-report*.

And

And yet that *fame* aboue our *sight* doth fly,
For rich *compoſure* in ſweete *Poeſie*,
And, percht ſo hie aboue our *cunnings* ſpheare,
That *All* may follow ſtill, but, *None* come neere.
No *Line* in his rich-*Numbers* confluence
But more than bounds a *boundleſſe Sea* of *ſenſe*.
Through all the *Cauernes* of a *Braine* as pure
As euer did the *Queene* of *Art* immure
They glyded ſtill, with *vnconceiued ſleight*,
Yer they to *view*, tranſported his *conceit*.
Nor onely ſo; but, held the *beſt things* vaine
That eaſly fall into a *world* of *Braine*:
But onely *that* he tooke, that hardly fals
Into the *Braines* of *Arts* beſt *Generals*?
That ere his *Thoughts* obiected were to *ſight*,
Our *Senſe* might wel perceiue his *thoughts* to fight
For *place* and *grace*, and all to grace his *Wife*
(Now matchles widow) were they thus in ſtrife.
His *Common-ſenſe*, and *phantaſie* conuey'd,
Their *Obiects* to his *Iudgement*, to be weigh'd

But

But for her vſe; yet ſo, as hee is thought
To be the *Beſt* that euer *Arte* hath wrought.
His *Mindes* cleare *Eye* pry'd narrowly, to ſpie
What well would *grace* her, yer it come to *Eye*.
Not like ſome *idle Poets* of our *Time*,
That ouerſee great *Reaſon*, for ſmall *Ryme*:
And from *Inuention*, take what comes vnwaigh'd
(By *Iudgement*, with the *Vnderſtandings* ayde)
To farſe *great Bookes*, with *Ignorance* farre *greater*:
Which nerethelefs, oft *better* ſell than *better*.
Minerua, mend this *Miſſe*: or take them hence,
That ſtrangle *innocent Intelligence*,
With lines too rude for Mules: But our Apollo
Made *none*, that made not *all* his *Prieſts* to follow
Drawne by the *Eares*, to the *Similitude*
Of his *Artes* beauty, and *Beatitude*.
But, enuious *FATE* (vnable to abide
A *Man*, that was, like *God*, ſo glorifide
For *faire Deſert*) with *Venom* did inuent
A way to *bane* the *wittieſt Innocent*
That euer *dyde* to *liue*: for, liue hee *muſt*,

And

And *shall*, in fame, a *Martyr*, in his dust.
For, wrackt he was for his *Integrity*,
By the high *hand* of *Pow'r*, and *Iniury*:
Who, for but leading blinded Loue aright,
Was (ah!) misdone by that *Lones* banefull *Spight*.
O pittie, past compare! O dire *Euent*
Of *trueſt loues* ſo laudable intent!
Words cannot vtter it; and *Wit*'s too weake
To ſhew the *ruth* of it. *Sweet heart, and breake.*
Then, ſith no *words* nor *wit* can ere ſuffiſe
To ſhew the *ruth* that from Ieſſe *fals* doth riſe;
And t'vndergoe the *blaze* of this *diſtreſſe*,
Makes my *Pen* ſtraddle with the *heauineſſe*,
Reſt here ſad *Pen*; ſith all thy *ſable Teares*
Are *lighter* than this *Cauſe* of *cares* and *feares*:
For, if from thee but one *Teare* ſhould deſcend
So blacke as *It*, that *Teare* would *feare* a *Fiend*;
Or if, through thee, one *Teare* ſhould fall in *Print*
So ſad as it, that *Teare* would teare a *Flint*.

I. D.

An Epitaph.

Wit, *Art*, and *Nature* made a *three-fold* warre
To reigne, in *peace*, in *him* which here doth lie:
Wit straue with *Art*; and both (though regular)
With *Nature*, ioyning, straue for *Soueraignitie*.
But, *Prudence*, with her *pow'rs*, (still bent to *peace*
Keeping the *Sense*, that did his *whole* command)
The warre surceased for his *Worthinesse*;
That onely *It* had then the vpper-hand.
Yet *selfe-diuided-honesty* beheld
That *peace*, in *warre* with her owne *Charitie*.
The̅, bent her *pow'rs* to make their *pow'rs* to yeeld
So, all subdu'd to *selfe-Integrity*.
But, *Fate* (best *friend* but to the *most profane*)
Stirr'd vp the *hand* of *Hate*, in *bonds* of *Pow'r*,
(And *all* in shew of *Loue*) to worke his bane;
So, from *Minerua's* crown soone crept this *flaw'r*:
Yet ere it went, it left such *fire* (though dimme)
As makes *all* sweete that sauours but of *him*.

Mi-

Mirum in Modum.

IF euer *Time* or *Fate* produc't such *Crimes*
As may shake *hell* with horror but to heare,
The instant *NOW* may flow to *After-times*
To drowne thē with *amazement*, *griefe*, and *feare*:
For, if the *fluxion* of this *instant NOW*
Effect not *That*, noght wil that *Time* doth know.

Yet *Time*, as yet, but shewes (as through a *glasse*)
Part of the *whole*; but, by that *parts* extent
Iudgement may guesse, in *euill*, it doth passe
As farre beyond *beliefe*, as *precedent*:
Loue fain would hide *it*; yet *heau'ns* iustest *hate*
Deems that *grace* damnd, that *it* would palliate.

Yet *Iuſtice* nought reueales, but for the *day*
Wherein her *tryals* be; and, that's no *more*
Than the *Offender* doth himſelfe bewray;
Which is but part of *trecheries* greater *ſtore*:
This *poyſon-plague* is ſo contagious, that
Tis fear'd it ſpreds, to *inwards* of more *ſtate*.

Should I my *ſelfe*, at whom *Loue* firſt doth aime,
(And yet not *ſelfe-loue*) ſo offend, I ſhould
In *Conſcience* damne my ſelfe t'an *hell* of *ſhame*;
Sith neither *Time* nor *Place* ſuch *ſinne* do hold:
„For, greateſt *Crimes* but to *extenuate*,
„Is but the *Doers* crime to *aggrauate*.

To *cloke* a *fault* ſo *fowle*, and yet ſo *cleare*,
Is, in the *Sunne*, the vglieſt *Toade* to hide
With *baneſull aire*; through *which* it doth appear
More vgly farre, and by it more eſpide.
„Then, *Penitence*, not *Impudence*, doth win
„The *greateſt grace* t'acquit the *greateſt Sin*.

None

None otherwiſe then as the *Lion*'s ſaid
To *ſpare* to *ſpoyle* his humble yeelding *prey*:
So, by high'ſt *grace* is higheſt *Iuſtice* ſtaid
At *point* to *ſtrike*, when *yeelders* mercy pray:
But her t'affront with *pride*, or *ſtubbornneſſe*,
Makes *her* more horrid; and *grace*, mercileſſe.

Say, *Greatneſſe*; VVhat *accompt* wilt make to *heau'n*
For making *thoſe* that tend *thee*, to attend
On nought but *miſchiefe* not to be forgiu'n?
Standſt *thou* not charg'd with both their *crime* & *end*?
If ſo; a *world* of *Penitence* muſt cleare
A *ſinne* ſo *baſe*, perform'd at *rate* ſo *deere*.

And (O!) ſuppoſe you heare your *captiue's* cals,
Deepe *groanes*, and *out-cries* while in's *bowels* rag'd
An *hell* of heate; yet moand but by the *wals*
Reſounding but his *griefe's cries* vnaſſwag'd:
In whom the force of Nature (being yong)
Wraſtled with *paine*, his *torments* to prolong.

As *Life*, and *Nature* had, with *Bane*, and *Death*
Cõſpir'd, to make him feele more *Deaths* thã one;
So groan'd he ſtil, as *Death* would ſeiſe each *breath*
He fetcht for life; yet liu'd but ſtill to *groane*:
"Yea, groane *alone*: and *that*, in *hells* of *paine*,
"Augments the griefe: nay, makes it more than raigne.
Hee tooke no *meate*: but in it *Poyſon* tooke;
Nor *Drinke* he drank, but brewed was with *Bane*:
Yet, as if *poyſon* had it ſelfe forſooke,
It ceaſ'd to *kill*, but yet grew more *immane*:
For, ſo it rag'd within him, that it made ſuade.
His *Heart-ſtrings* crack; yet did their *breach* e-

Iuſtice (great *Arbitreſſe* of all that's *done*
In *Time* or *Place*) though outwardly but blinde
(Becauſe ſhee knowes no *perſons*) needs muſt run
Vpon thee *blind-old*, led thereto by *Kind*:
For, nought ſtands in her *way*, but down it goes
(Though high as *heau'n*) to helliſh *ouerthrowes*.
Then

Then deem I *MERCY* well prouides for such
As so offend, by *Iustice*, so to fall:
For, so, though for their *crime*, their *soules* do grutch
Yet haue they *Time*, and *helpes* more speciall:
Then others further off the stroke of *DEATH*,
To saue their *soules*, with losing *well* their *breath*.

That *happie-hapleſſe Soule* (the *laſt* of *Three*
That *Firſt* were *Well-miſdone*, for this *miſdeede*)
Being *bound* to *Death*, yet ſpake as being *free*;
And praiſd the *Iuſtice* that his death *decreede*:
So ſeem'd, to *glorie* in his *death* of *ſhame*,
Sith it did glorifie hie *Iuſtice* Name.

Had *Grace* met *Arte* and *Nature*, in his *Head*,
As *Courage* in his *Heart*, with *Cunning* met:
He might haue *rul'de* thoſe that haue *gouerned*:
But *riſing* with the *Sommer-Sunne* now *ſet*:
Did ſet with *him*, by whome hee did aſcend:
Whence brightly falling, grac't a gloomy *end*.

MIRVM IN MODVM.

A *Friend* of *Faith*, or *Heau'ns* most faithfull *Friend*
Still pray'd to know the *number* of his *Dayes*:
To be prepar'd the better for his *Ende:*
Then, hee that knowes his lateſt *moment*, ſtayes
On *firer Ground*, though neer *Deaths* horrid *houſe*,
Than they that ſtād on *Rocks* more dangerous.

A *preaſe* of *People* (preſt to *pray* for grace
For him that dies) at *heau'ns* bright gates do beat:
And wings make of their *Words* to *fanne* the *Face*
Of *Higheſt Iuſtice*, ſo to coole her *heate:*
This was His *priuiledge*, that ſo did die,
Heau'd vp to *Heauen*, paſt reach of *Infamie.*

A *violent-death*, then, to the *ſoule* is mild;
But, on the *BED* of *Death*, moſt ſterne is Hee:
Where oft he makes our *Minds* & *Manners* wild;
Then, *Grace* nor *Nature* with *it* doth agree:
But Hee (*All-wiſe*, repoſ'd in *Paſſions* ſtrife)
Held this ſtrait *Death*, the eaſieſt *dore of LIFE.*

The

The force of *feare* thoſe *ſuccori* (oft) betray
Which *Reaſon* offers; but this ill-good *Man*
No councell held with *feare* in Deaths *affray*;
But, in his *Triall*, tryde what *Reaſon* can
Affoord for *fence*, without diſtracted *mood*;
So, made his worſt of *Ill*, his beſt of *Good*.

To fall from *Fortune*, ſitting on her *Knee*,
From *Wife* and *Children*, and what elſe is deare,
Yet from the *helpes* of *Reaſon* not once to flee,
Is compleat *Vertue*, making *Vice* to cleare
Her way to *GLORY* through *ſhames* nether *hell*:
This *Caſt* was *ill*; but, thus, he plaid it *well*.

So *well*, a *Caſt* ſo *ill* is ſeldome plaid,
Scarſe in a world of *Time* we meete with ſuch:
whoſe *worth* (too cheap imploid) in iudgmẽt waid
Was found more *deare* then *cleare* on *tryals* Touch:
Abſtracting from his *fault*, *worth* makes his fame
To fly to *heau'n*, to *glorifie* his *ſoame*.

If

If those in this sadde *Playes Catastrophe*,
Play their dire *Parts*, no worse: all *Dignitie*
Is lesse then is their *Blisse*, and *glorjes*-Sea,
Wherein, ore-whelm'd they shall still *living* dye:
"But *Courage* comes frō *Heau'n*; & it must giue,
"That *Worth*, in *Death*, on which *Fame* still shall liue.

But t'is an *Hell* to all *voluptuous hearts*,
To leaue *Youth*, *Beauty*, *Honors*, *Wealth*, and all
That's deere to *Sense*, to play such *dismall parts*;
And from the *height* of *State*, with *shame* to fall:
"But, what of *pure necessitie* must bee,
"Must well be borne, to honor *high-Degree*.

For, *publike-hate*, though for the hatefull'st *Cause*,
Will soone be turn'd to *Loue*, by playing well
Vnpittyed parts: Nay, it makes *Iustice* pawse
Ere doome them death, who (neere it) so excell.
Thogh *Common-hate* the great'st *Offenders* teares,
Yet it bewails their wel-born death with *Teares*.

For

For, though it burne, as quenchleſſe: yet it is
Extinguiſht quite, by ſeeing loth'd *ones* play
Beloued *Parts*, in *Death*, or *Miſeries*: (ſway.
Their *Eyes* (that *hold* their *hearts*) their *hearts* doe
"A ruthfull *Obiect*, though moſt loath'd before,
"Is pittyed, when fell *Spights* can doe no more.

O *Diu'll*, how canſt thou, (beeing, as thou *waſt*
In thy Creation moſt *Angelicall*;
And but in *Will*, for one prowd *Thought*, diſgrac't)
How canſt thou *ioy* in ſo much *griefe* of all?
Why art ſo preſt, but on meere *Frayltie's* Spells,
For *Mankindes* plague, to leaue the nether *Hells*?

What *Charmes* and *Incantations* haue ſuch ſtrength
As frō thoſe *Hells* to hale thee, there being bound
With Chaines of *Darkneſſe*, of the ſhorteſt length?
Lyes it in their words *Senſe*, or in their *ſound*?
No; tis no word of *Reprobation* can
Command thy *Seruice*, but to *conſen* Man.

Thou

Thou art a *Spirit*: and therefore canſt thou looke
Into the Breſt of *NATVRE*: and thence take
Her chiefeſt *Secrets* (from the darkeſt *Nooke*)
Or *Loue*, or *Luſt*, t'enflame, enrage, or ſlake:
Thou canſt by *ſuch* make *Puppets*, tho of *lead*,
To ſtrike *Deſire*, in liuely'ſt *Bodyes*, dead.

Thou on the *Bodyes* oft of bleſſed *Soules*,
Haſt leaue to vſe thy *pow'r* in various kindes;
But, for theyr *Good*; elſe Hee thy *pow'r* controules
That guards their *ſouls* frō *harm*: frō ill, their *minds*;
Yet *waking* and *aſleepe*, thou canſt to *fight*
Produce but *Shades*, to *make* the *Minde* too *light*.

And *Mindes* ſo light, will lightly nothing weigh
Of *Shame* and *heauyeſt Death*, that lye betweene
Them, and their *Ends*; who make it but a Play
To drowne a *Comedye* (through *baſe* and *teene*)
In *Blood* and *Bane*: ſuch *Turners* were of late,
As turnd, vpō theſe *Poles*, ſuch *Spheares* of *Fate*.

Can

Can *Witch-craft*, in the *Abſtract*, ſo bewitch
The Mindes of thoſe of *Mode* and *Meanes*, to be
So baſe for *Lucre*, ſo to touch *Shames* Pitch
As ſtill will cleaue to theyr *Poſteritie*?
But *Charmes* can make no *ſoules* to ſinne ſo ſore,
But ſuch as *GRACE* had leſſe of *ſinne*, before.

Now (proſtrate) let me, deer *Liege*, turne my *ſpeech*
To *thee*, who in thy *Iuſtice* look'ſt like *God*:
No ſuch *Crime* ſpar'ſt thou; yet, ſtād'ſt in the *Breach*
Thy *Iuſtice* makes, to ſtay *Heau'ns* iuſteſt *rod*:
So thou (like *God*) doſt *grieue*, whē thou haſt cauſe
To cut off *theſe*, whom thou haſt *made*, by *lawes*.

And though thou loſe their *Bodyes* with *iuſt griefe*,
To pleaſe thy iuſter *Iuſtice*; yet, thy *Care*
(Deare *Care!*) to giue their *fainting ſoules* reliefe,
Yet *Death*, gines *leiſure*: ſo, dooſt *ſpoyle* and *ſpare*,
In iuſt *Ires* grace: that (tho thou them forgo)
The *HEAD*, doth with the *Members* ſuffer ſo.

Drad

Drad *Lord*, I would, thy *patience* were not *prou'd*
So much with *crimes* of ſo immenſe extent;
And, that thou, *ſphear* of all our *State*, wert mou'd
Vpon no aduerſe *Poles* of *diſcontent*:
So, ſhould thy lower *ſpheares* of *rule*, obay
But *thine*; and moue, as *thine*, their *diffrent ſway*.

The *Care's* a *Canker* to thy *ſacred life*
Thou haſt to keepe thy *compound people*, one.
Twixt *worlds* of *aduerſe powrs* are *worlds* of *ſtriſe*,
Which *humane-powrs* can ſcarce in *ſhew* attone.
O, then, who weighs a *Burden* of ſuch *ſtreſſe*,
But is oppreſt with *weight* paſt *Heauineſſe!*

But we, (that lie as farre from *wealth* as *warre*)
In low obſcuritie of *ſtate*, do ſee
(With ſight the more *contracted*) all the *ſtaires*
That *light* to ſee thy *cauſe* of *iealouſie*:
Whoſe *oppoſitions*, in thy *ſphеare* of *Pow'r*,
Oft giue, for which we grieue, thee *cauſe* to low'r

But

But, as an *Arch*, of many *Stones* compoſd,
Would fall but that they one another let:
So, may their *odds*, in thy *ſtates* Arch incloſd,
Make it more euen; ſo, more ſtrength to get:
Though one *Stone* fall to ruine, let his *place*
Be ſoon ſupplyd by *one* of greater *grace*.

Then, the more *weight* of *powre* they do ſuſtaine,
The *firmer* will the *ARCH* be, to vphold
Thine *HONORS burden*, folded in thy *TRAIN*,
And make thy *ſtate* and *ſtay* more manifold.
So ſhall thy *ſtay*, when *ſtates* re-chaoſd lie,
Make thee *great Steward* to *ETERNITIE*.

Finis.

SPECVLVM PRODITORI.

This takes the vulgar Eare
That loues *the* plaine *and* cleare:
But, neither *mine*, nor *those*
That hugge *proude* Verſe *in Proſe*.

Kings, Gods on *Earth*, ſo call'd by *Him* of *Heau'n*,
How dismall is your *Deities* eſtate!
Who while you *liſe* do giue, are *liſe* bereau'n;
And oft, for too much *loue*, get too much *hate*:
Whoſe ſureſt *Forecaſts*, ſtand on *ſixe* and *ſeauen*;
Which, with you (*Soueraignes*) ſubiect are to *Fate*.
What *Diu'lls* can enuie, then, ſuch *Deities*,
Whoſe *Heau'ns* are *hells*, of ſhort-ſweet-*miſeries*?

Toyle ye to ſhield their liues, that ſhoot at yours;
And make your ſelues, of *Soueraigns*, ſou'rain *ſlaues*?

Spend-

Spēding your *Brains*, & *ſtrengths*, & precious *houres*
As if yous ſelues dig'd, for your ſelues, your *graues*
For, th' hollow *ſubiect* (*graue*-like) you deuoures;
Whom ye make hollow, oft with *welfare's* waues.
For, if ye fill *Ambition*, *Spight*, or *Feare*,
Ye fill the *Sailes* wil quite you ouer-beare.

Men-beaſts, borne ſubiect, yet can neuer beare
Your *births* allotment! What? O what is it
That makes yee, like vile *timber-wormes*, to weare
The *Poaſts* ſuſtaining you? What *grace*, or *Wit*,
Appears in *falls*, where your owne *fals* appeare?
Will ye needs *riſe*, to *fall*? not (ſure) ſtill ſit?
If needs ye will, foule be your faireſt *fall*;
Sith ye would riſe, by ouerthrowing *All*.

Cannot the ten times worſe then ill ſucceſſe
Of graceleſſe *Gowries* worſe, farre worſe aſſay,
With heaps of *horrors* ſo your *thoughts* oppreſſe,
That theſe ſhould freez your *ſouls* to cold *diſmay*.

Dãger & *Death* (ye heard) could not diſtreſs (way.
Our heau'n holp *King*; who throgh both made his
For, *kings* are *Gods*, who with a frowne can make
The *Arme* of *fleſh*, for feare, all force forſake.

Or know you not a crowne is of ſuch weight,
That no diſloyall *hand* can it transferre,
But truſht it is to nothing with it ſtraight?
Cannot this *thought* your *hands* from *this* deterre?
On *Treaſon* doth an hell of *horrors* waite;
Which, in it ſelfe, againſt it ſelfe doth warre.
Then, that which in it ſelfe is at this ſtay,
Muſt fall (elſe *Truth* doth lie) and ſoone decay.

Conſpirators haue nought but pale *miſtruſt*,
Sad thoughts and *terrors* euer them attending:
B[illegible], *Princes*, on their ſides, haue *ſubiects* iuſt,
Their *Guards*, their *Maieſties*, their *Lawes* defen-
(What *hart* dare, maugre al *theſe*, be vniuſt) (ding
All theſe their powrs againſt the *traitor* bending:

Then

Then how can *Traitors* be ſo ouer-bold,
When ſuch great *feares* their harts do vnderhold?

Their tyred *wits* (though beaten night and day)
Can make no ſhift a *traitorous life* to ſaue:
The *guiltie conſcience* doth it ſelfe bewray;
And *thoughts turmoild*, no *ſtaid* aduiſement haue:
Feare ſtrikes them ſo, that (toſt) they canot ſtay,
But *iudgement* makes vncertaine as a *waue*:
The flowing *ſtreames* of honied *Eloquence*
Can nere ſuſtaine the weight of great offence.

Pure *Innocents* with vndefiled *tongue*,
By inſtinct of Nature, haue perſwaſiue powre:
But guilty *ones*, defilde with *bloud* and *wrong*,
Their faltring *tongues*, are euer moſt vnſure;
So full of *Diſcords* is *Rebellions* Song,
That it no eare in tune can ought allure:
Though *Art* aid *Falſhood*, with her powrs, yet ſhal
Truth, naked, trip them; ſo they needs muſt fall.

The bended *brow* of *Iuſtice*, ſore diſmayes
The *guiltie*, though their *wits* in glory ſhine;
And *fickle* Feare their *iudgement* ſtill betrayes,
Preſenting ſtrange *Chimæras* to their eyne;
Which ſo the *ſoule* with *horror* ouer-layes
And *Reaſons* right *diſcourſe* ſo wreſts in fine,
That all that from the *Minde* or *Mouth* proceeds
Within it ſelfe, then, diſagree muſt needs.

The *paſſions* of *annoy* more ſtrongly worke
Within the *mind* then thoſe from *ioy* proceeding:
Now, if ſweet *Ioys*, in merry *minds* that lurke,
Do hinder *Reaſon*, ſtrange diſtraction breeding,
Much more will feare of *pains*, all *paines* exceeding
Reaſon muſt then, of force, forſake the *Helme*,
When waues of *woe* the *bodies* barke orewhelme.

Who enter *Treaſons maze*, are like the *men*
That runne too *deſperately* into the *Sea*;

If

If they escape, it will be iudged then
That they were fortunate the *wracke* to flee,
And out of *Dangers* mouth to come againe:
But if they perish, then it said will be,
They cast themselues in, to be cast away,
By desp'rate *fore-cast*, cause of their decay.

For, as an *Arrow* glanceth on a stone
For want of softnesse in the stone to stay it:
So *treason* lightly will be ouerthrowne,
Though for fit time, *Wit* willeth to delay it,
And keepe the same the while from *all* vnknown,
That likely *God* nor *man* can well bewray it;
Yet out it will, and like an *Arrow* glance
Vpon the foyling *Flint*, of hard *mischance*.

A blessed *death*, a cursed *life* excuseth;
(For, no man's truly blest before his *end*)
So, a curst *death*, a blessed *life* accuseth:
But, when that *life* and *death*, to *death* doth tend,

It seems the *soule*, *life* wilfully refuseth;
For, she in *life*, and *death*, doth but offend:
From such a *life* and *death*, *grace* keeps all those
That to Prides *Naturals* are mortal foes.

The more that *Empire* doth enlarge her *bounds*,
The more is *Fortunes* empire ouer it;
Who scorns to thrust at *slaues*, but *kings* she woūds
And on their *Seats* doth oft make *slaues* to sit:
And sitting there, in sport, she them confounds;
So, bandies *kings*, and *slaues*, as she thinks fit:
But, *slaues* are racket, *kings* are her hand-*bals*;
Which being greater, haue the harder fals.

Senec.

These seldom meet with siluer-hairs, though *care*
Doth (for that tincture) *Time* anticipate;
The *Liege* that lies on *beds*, that sumptuous are,
Sleeps more in feare than *beggers* at his gate:
Whom the gray *morne* hath seene high, past com-
The blushing *ev'n* hath seen in abiect state. (pare,

A world of *mouthes* they feed, & courts they keep
Whose *ſtabbing dreams* do make thē ſtart in ſleep.

The purple *robe* is oft re-purpelled
With *royall blood*, that from the *heart* doth ſtream;
When homly *rags* (thogh rent) are nere made red
With th'owners bloud, ſith they do range a *reame*
And yet not rule it, as the *Sceptered*.
Theſe ſleepe ſecure, in many a golden *dreame*,
While *Princes* lie on *thorns* of pricking *feares*,
That make their *daies* to interdict their *yeares*.

In toothſom'ſt *diſh* the baneſull *baite* doth lie;
And *Treaſon* dives into the ſweeteſt *wine*;
At euery bit they feare her treachery, (their *fine*.
And doubt, each draught they drinke, they drink
O! if as through a *glaſſe* we might eſpy
The ſwarms of *fears*, and *cares*, their *hearts* confine
We would not ſtoope to gather vp a *crowne*,
If as the *crowne*, the *cares* muſt be our owne.

The princely *Ports* no ſooner ope are ſet,
But diueliſh *Enuie* glides through all vnſeene:
But hates as hell, the *Neat-heards* Cabinet
Whilſt (Princely *Peaſant*, with his *Sommers* queen)
Hee frolicks it, as free from *dread* as *debt*;
And liuing ſo, a *King* himſelfe doth weene:
But, if he erre, it is an error ſweete, (meete.
To meet *Kings* thoughts, and not their *cares* to

In Maple *Mazer*, or *Beech*-bowle hee quaffes,
And lifts it not to mouth with ſhaking hands:
His *Loue* and *Hee*, eats, drinks, and ſleeps, & laffs,
And ſhee obeyes, and hee in loue commands:
Twixt them are neither *Iealouſies* nor *Chaſes*,
For breaking *Wedlock*, or *Subiections* Bands:
But, they enioy *Loue*, *peace*, and *merriment*,
And therewithall, the *Kingdom* of *Content*.

They fear not *Fortunes* frowns, nor way her fawns;
Their greatſt ambition is to line to loue:

Much

Much *Coyn* they need not, much leſs *pretious pawns*
That by a *Cow* can liue, and pleaſures proue,
Yea, feede with her, on *Sallets* in the *Lawnds*,
In *Weeds* yclad, as homely ſpunne as woue: (*wine*,
Milke being their beſt *meat*, & ſowr *whay* theyr
And when they hunger, then they ſup & dine.

They can no skill of *States* deepe *policies*,
Nor will they wade in deepes ſo dangerous:
This makes them liue ſo free from Tragedies
That are to *Heau'n* and *Earth* ſo odious:
They *Actors* are in Paſt'rall *Comedies*,
That tend to *Loue*, and *Mirth* harmonious.
O heauenly-earthly life, life for a *King*:
That liues with *nothing*, as with eu'ry-*thing*.

They ſeeldome paſſe the vnreturned wayes
That leade t'infernall *Ioues* Dominions.
Their ſilly *Soule* (with *hopes* aſſurance) ſtayes
On *CHRIST* his Croſſe, & *Faith's* Concluſions:
They

They doo diſtaſte the delicate Aſſayes
Of Schoolemens *Craft*, and nice *diſtinctions*:
Nature and *Grace* in ſilence guides them well,
Whilſt *Doctors* deep, diſpute thẽſelues to *Hell*.

Grace hates all *ſinne*, with hate moſt exquiſit, (leaſt)
But none, ſo much (though more, then much, the-
As ſhee doth *pride*; for, that diſtracts the wit,
Contracts the *Soule* to *ſinne*, makes *Man* a *Beaſt*,
Confines *Societie*, alone to ſit;
Makes will a *Law*, and wrongs the *Worſt* and *Beſt*.
This is *Ambition*, this is damned *Pride*,
Which *God*, nor *Man*, haue patience to abide.

The ſteppes of *Mans* aſcent, on *Fortunes*-wheele,
Muſt needs be ſlippery, ſith it is ſo ſteepe:
The Topp's moſt wau'ring, ready *ſtill* to reel;
The going downe, is like as in the *Deepe*
A *Shippe* goes downe, with ouerturned Keele;
When ore a mounting *Billow* ſhee doth ſweepe:

And

And if the fall from High-eſtate be ſuch,
How dreadfull is it then, to mount too much?

For, *Dignitie* on *Vertue*, grounded is.
Then, if the *ground* doe faile, and falſe become,
The more is built thereon, the ſooner tis
Sinking to ground, and ruin'd *all* or *ſome*:
The more our *Powr*, the more of *Peace* we miſſe,
If *Vertue* aduerſe *powres* doe not orecome:
That *Enuy*, which high *pride* did life-inſpire,
Humilsty muſt kill, or make retire.

I knew a *Man*, vnworthy as I am,
And yet too worthie for a *counterfeit*
Made once a *King*; who though it were in *game*,
Yet was it there where *Lords* and *Ladyes* met;
Who honor'd him, as hee had bene the ſame,
And no ſubiectiue *dutie* did forget;
When to him-ſelfe he ſmil'd, and ſaid, lo here
I haue for noght, what *Kings* doe buy ſo deere.

No

No odds there was in ſhew (and but in ſhow,
Kings are too often honour'd) ſaue that *he*
Was but twelue gameſome *daies* to *king* it ſo;
And *kings*, more *yeares* of ſoueraigne miſery.
His *raigne* was *ſhort* and *ſweet*, theirs *long* in *wo*.
He after liu'd: they, with or for *theirs*, die.
He had a taſt of *raigne*, with powre to leaue;
They cannot taſt, but life muſt *take* or *giue*.

Kings for the *treaſons* to them offered
Muſt offer *them* that offer it, whereby
The *body* ſtill may hold vp hie the *head*,
Leſt otherwiſe they *both* too low might lye:
Yet by this meanes, *blood*, oft, with hate, is ſhed,
If *blood* ſo ſhed, do fall or *much*, or *hie*;
But he without *blood* did be-head his *foes*,
So made him *friends* indeed, of *foes* in ſhowes.

He ſate in *ſtate*, that *mirth*, and *loue* did ſtay;
They ſit in *ſtate* that *hate* oft vndermines;

He

He, without *feare*, had ſome to take *aſſay*;
But they haue ſuch, for feare of ſodaine *fines*:
He poyſon'd ſome (to play as *kings* might play)
But twas with *Suger* and perfumed *wines*:
He went with *guards*, yet *ſtabbing* feared not:
They go with *guards*, yet feare the *ſtab* or *ſhot*.

He could deuiſe with *Ladies*, if he could
Deuiſe with *Ladies*, without all ſuſpect;
If *they* do ſo, *they* do not as *they* ſhould,
For 'twill be ſayd their *honors* they neglect:
He could command, and haue *all* as he would;
But their *commands* oft haue not that effect.
Then who had better *Raigns*, iudge all of ſenſe,
Either a *king indeed*, or in *pretence*.

A *conſcience* cleere out-dares *Death* to the face,
Laughing to ſcorne his greateſt tyranny;
And with vnconquerd *patience* doth diſgrace
His vtmoſt *malice*, *ſpight*, and *villany*:

She winneth *place* of *Death*, by giuing *place*,
And by her *yeelding*, getteth *victorie*:
Yea, triũphs ouer *Death*, through *vertues* might:
For *Vertue* liues, when *Death* hath ſpet his *ſpight*.

Neuer did *Feare* attend on *Innocence*:
She *Wayters* ſcornes, that with her dare not dye.
Though ſhe from *wrong* and *danger* ſeeke defence,
And may (if well ſhee may) from eyther fly:
Yet is her *Courage* of that excellence,
That if ſhee meet them ſhe dares *both* defie.
Then to be *Innocent*, is ſtill to dare (are.
Death, *Hell*, and *Vengeance*, yea all *Deaths* that

This makes the *Prince* his perſon to expoſe
To *Piſtoll*, *Poyſon*, *Dagger*, and the like;
Among them all (ſo arm'd) hee freely goes,
And ſtarts not (as diſmayd) when they do ſtrike.
This make thẽ deem (deer *harts*) they haue no *foes*
Becauſe they weene they *rule* without miſlike;
And

And if ſome helliſh *hand* them ouer-beare,
They die, as liue they did, without all *feare*.

Within their *Count'nance*, *Mirth*, with *Grauitie*
(*Graue* for their *place*: & *mirth*, their *grace* to ſhow)
In *peace* doe ſtriue for the *precedencie*:
Both which ſo ſweetly grace them as they go;
As makes the *publike loue*, on them to pry:
With *Eyes*, which teares of *ioy* (vnfain'd) ore-flow,
While *Princely kindeneſſe* doth it ſelfe imploy,
To ope like *Flond-gates*, into Seas of *Ioy*.

When the ſterne *Tyrant* (with a folded *Front*,
And *Eyes* diſturbed, through ſuſpicious *feare*)
Doth ſtarting ſtalke, as if *Death* did confront
His ſteppes, and to his *Eyes* did ſtill appeare;
His *Hand* on *Hilt* hee beares, *Death* to affront;
Yet ghaſtly lookes, as hee ſtill flying were;
And whē a *Mouſe* doth crie, or *Leafe* doth ſhake,
Out goes the *Dagger*, yet with *feare* doth quake.

He

He feares his *life*, but more the ſecond-*death*;
Which *death*, he doubts, will ſecond death of *life*:
This makes him ſtrait the *dagger* ſo vnſheath
T'incounter the firſt *deaths* approching *knife*;
Leſt, being ouerthrowne, he ſhould beneath
Still liue in *ſtrife*, as he hath liu'd in *ſtrife*;
The loſſe of *Kingdome*, *life*, and feare of *that*,
Makes him (as mad) to do he knows not what.

Who would a *Scepter* hold, in ſuch an *hell*,
Like a commanding *Fiend* in horror ſtill,
Where *ſubiects*, like his *paſſions*, aye rebel
So liue as *Son'raigne* of a *world* of ill?
And in nought, but in *naught* ſo to excell
Is *God* (as much as in *man* lies) to kill:
Which is the cauſe (as *proofe* hath often told)
It's hard to ſee an helliſh Tyrant old.

Imbrude with *blood*, or elſe in *poyſon* drencht,
Away wends he the *way* the others ſent;

For

For with his *blood*, his thirst of *blood* is quenche;
So, with a *plague*, repaid what hee hath lent:
Nor shal his *blood*, that flowes vnmaine be stenche,
Sith *Heau'n* and *Earth* against him still are bent.
"For, whē both *heau'n* & *earth*, pursues the *people*,
"No place but *Hell* is left then, to recoyle."

Gods *Armies* march, some seene, but most vnseen;
Those seene, may be looke to, but not looke ore;
And how ere vile, *Pride* some of them may ween,
Yet *men* most high, are oft foyld by the *low'r*:
But th'vnseene *Armies* haue such *Weapons* keene
And *pow'r* to vse them, that all *Flesh* they gore:
Who are so slye, that no *mans* wisedome may
Their *Ambushments* auoyde, or them bewray?

For, can an *Heart* be wise that is profane?
(Nay, fleshly wise? wee will dismisse the *Spirit*:)
It cannot be; for, *Wisdome's* in the wane
When tis forsaken of the *Heauenly* light:

A crazed *Soule*, must needs be *Wisedomes* bane,
Whose *powrs* wat pow'r to vse their natiue *might*:
For, when the *Soule's* vnquiet through *offence*,
Her *fumes* blinde *Iudgement*, and *Intelligence*.

We may not doe *ill*, that thence *good* may spring;
Nor ceasse to do *good*, thogh *ill* thence may grow;
The *Ill* that growes from *good*, is no ill *thing*:
And to reape *such*, wee still much *good* shuld sow:
Its *ill* to haue *Gods* hate, with loue of *King*;
And worse, that *hate* to haue for *loue* more low.
Then to be *good*, in *Death's* to be secure:
And to bee *ill*, in *life's* to be vnsure.

The Sunne sees not a more detested *thing*
Than is a *Traitor*, whose fowle *Crime* is such
That they which loue the *Craft*, & *Crafts-mā* sting
With deadly *hate*, and *words* that wound as much:
And he that would of other *Crimes* be King,
Abhorre, but once this loathed *Crime* to touch.

That *Hand* that can behead a *Common-weale*,
Muſt haue an *heart*, to helpe, of *Flint* or *Steele*.

And they that would transforme a *Monarchy*
(Confirm'd by many faire deſcents of Kings)
T'an headleſſe miſproporrion'd *Anarchy*
(That *Rule* and *Order* to *Confuſion* brings,
To th'end to giue *Miſrule* more libertie)
Are moſt condemn'd, if not moſt damned *things*.
For, what *Man* can (though halfe a *Diuell*) ſee
All drown'd in *Gore*, to purple his *Degree*?

Traitor! ô word, of force to make a *Man*
Teare out his *Eyes*, that they ſee not the light!
Which *All*, with bitter *Execrations*, ban,
And at the very *name*, do ſpet in ſpight.
Traitor! ô gall! which no *Gall* ſuffer can,
Odious to *Heau'n* and *Earth*, to *Day* and *Night*;
The very *Aire* of ſuch a loathed *name*,
The Ioynts of ſtrongeſt *Patience* can vnframe.

What can the *Heart* of *Man* excogitate
More odious, or in *nature*, or in *name*,
Than *Treason?* which euen *Hell* it selfe doth hate,
Although it be aduantag'd by the same.
For *Hell* holds *Traitors* more degenerate
From *Nature*, then her *Fiends*; so, more to blame:
For *Fiends*, by nature, are most impious;
But *Men* most impious, are most monstrous.

A *Soueraigne* blood is sacred, and of *pow'r*
To draw down *Angels*, from their glorious *sphoares*,
With *Vialls*, full of *plagues*, on *Realmes* to powre,
(If it be spilt by spight) Nay *Princes* hayres
Are numbred, and who makes but one vsurie,
Shal feel that *wrath*, whose *heat* the *mountains* meares:
O't is a dreadfull thing but once to dreame,
In Physicke, to make Royall blood to streame.

Tis *Blood* of *bloods*; for, while it is bloud-warme:
And carries *life* with it through all the *Veines*,

It

It doth preſerue the *ſubiects* blood from harme,
That cold of *feares* to freeze elſe ſtrait conſtrains:
Then 'tis the *life-blood* of a Kingdoms *Arme*,
Which, while it's liuely, her whole *ſtate* ſuſtaines:
O then how precious ought (in all mens *eyes*)
Such *blood* to be wherein ſuch *vertue* lies?

Words, but in *Wormewood* ſteept, are too too weake
To blazon *Treaſons* bitter *tyranny*;
None but *ſoule*-wounding *words* for it are meete,
Becauſe it wounds the *Soule* of *Soueraigntie*:
Then *Treaſon*, thus, my *Muſe*, thy *guilt* doth *greete*,
(Which is the *quinteſſence* of *villany*)
Curſt be Thought, that thinks but on that Thought,
That thinks thou art not ten times worſe then naught.

The Concluſion to Sir. Thomas Ouerbury.

Thou find'ſt more *honor* in th'vntimely Graue
Deere *Ouerbury*, then a *King* can haue
With all *kings* pow'r: for, they can giue no *grace*
Beyond the ſpan of life; Poore ſpaceleſſe-ſpace!

Then, *bleſſed* was thy death, how euer *baund*
It might be deem'd by thee, for being ban'd:
Sith *Death*, by *poiſon*, did but reaue thy *breath*;
But with That *poyſon*, thou haſt poyſon'd *Death*.
So, from his hand his weapon thou did wreſt;
And, for thy *ſafety*, ſheath'd it in his *Breſt*.
Yet comes thine *honor*, though it reach thus hie,
Short of thy *merit* for *loues-puritie*;
And, for as *much* beſides, as *Wit* and *Art*
Can *value* giue to any *Head* or *Heart*.
Thou waſt a *Pythias* to an *Anti-Damon*,
Who, for thy *true loue*, prou'd to thee a *Demon*.
Had he bene *Damon* in *integritie*,
A *King* (perhaps) had made a *Trinitie*
Of *friends* with you; for, your loue-*Angel-like*
Had made him make that *Body-politicke*;
As whilom did a *Keiſar* in like caſe:
But *three* can nere make *one*, if one be *baſe*,
And *two* be *deare*; ſith *Diſſimilitude*
Diſſolues the *knot* of *Loues* beatitude.

For

Fortune on *thee*, in *him*, did *smile* and *lowre*;
Smile in his fortunes, in thy *wisedomes* powre:
But *lowr'd* on thee, when *he* (falſe *ladder*) roſe
For thee to climbe, to both your ouerthrowes.
He *roſe* and *fell* from *thee*; and thou by him
Didſt *riſe* and *fall*: but thou, in *bane* didſt ſwim
Paſt *Lethe*; and in bloud and blame he tydes
(As farre beyond, as *ſhame*, paſt *ſhame*, abides)
With winds of his owne *ſighes*, without one *teare*
Of any ruthfull *Eye*, though nere ſo neere.
But, ſith nought ſtayd him to thee; but the *aire*
Of *words*; who would aſcend by ſuch a *ſtaire*?
Thou being on his breſt, through want of ſtay
For thy worths-weight, from thee he fell away:
But, thou camſt firſt to ground; and, with the fall,
Thy bowels brake, all-pickl'd with thy gall:
Thy *Ghoſt*, yet (if ſhe know what *mortals* do)
Muſt needs exult, and haue compaſſion too,
To heare thy praiſes peald-out as they be;
And ſee ſuch iuſtice *done*, on *earth*, for thee.

Yea,

Yea, as thy *Ghoſt* had leaue, in *wrathfull moode*,
To ſurfet with thy *foes* delicious-*blood*,
Which frō the hie in *place*, ſtill headlong, ſtreams
Through thy late *Soueraigns* dearſt of *Diadems*,
To freſh the *flowres* thereof, and her ſo cloy,
That ſhe, as ſicke therewith, is greeu'd with *ioy*.
So as thy ſhrill *Vindictae's* now do ring
With groanes about the *Palace* of the *King*;
As if thy Soule, in bliſſe, in ſome degree
Did Suffer paine with ſufferers for thee.
And if ſhe (plagu'd) in life did hell endure, (eure,
Through their *falſe* hate who did thy death pro-
T'is *pretty* reueng'd, ſo home, that all
The world may ſee thy *worth's-weight* in their fall.
For, as pure *gold* beſt knowne is by the *TEST*
In fire: ſo, that *deere vertue* of thy *Breſt*,
In flames of *Loue*, and fi'ry-tryals tride,
Doth make thy *Worth*, in *greatneſſe*, far more wide
Than *Time* (for, when he (ſtreteht out) is laid forth
Thy glory ſhall entombe him in thy *WORTH*.

FINIS.